

VISIT...

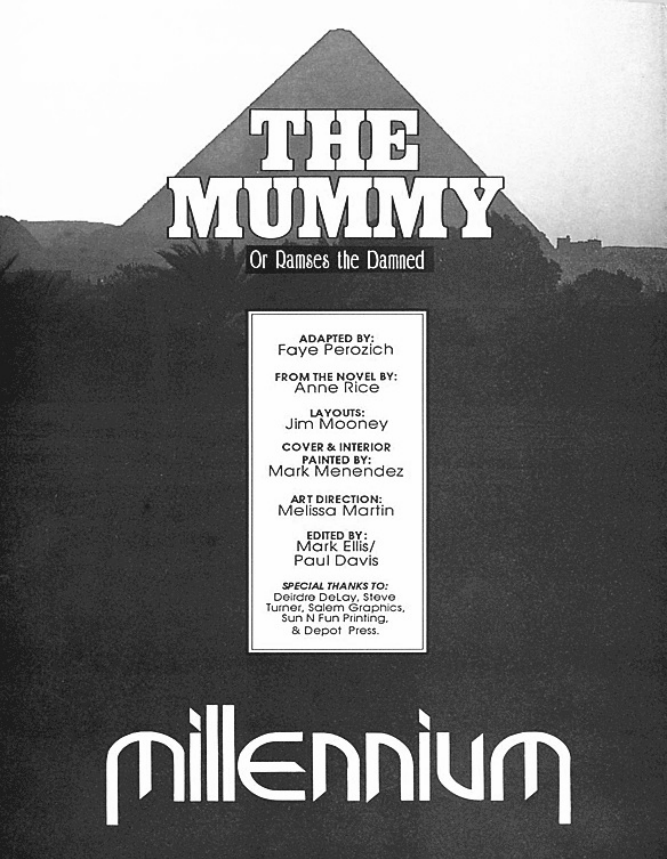
LANZAROTE
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ANNE RICE'S

THE MUMMY

or Ramses the Damned





THE MUMMY

Or Ramses the Damned

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SPECIAL THANKS TO:
Deidre DeLay, Steve
Turner, Salem Graphics,
Sun N Fun Printing,
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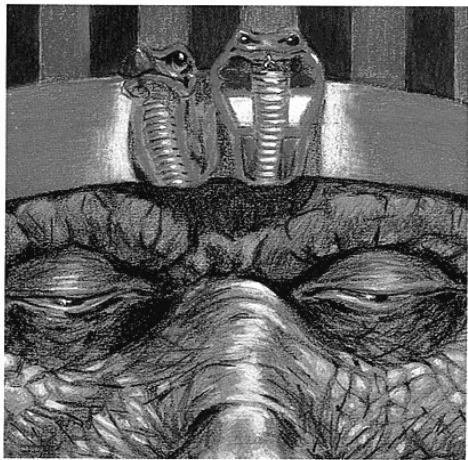
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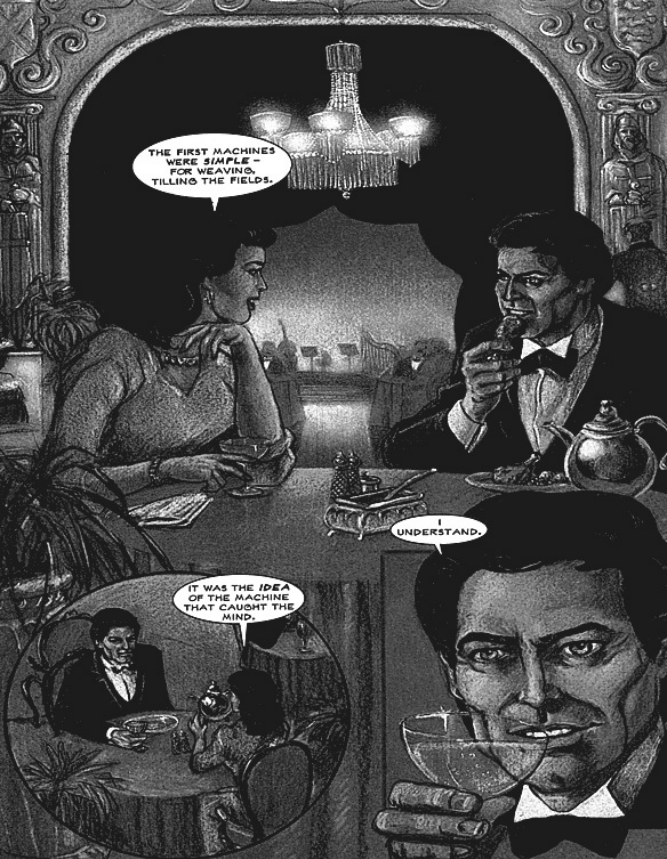
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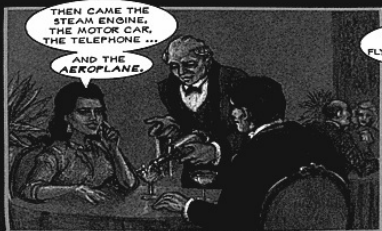


THE FIRST MACHINES
WERE SIMPLE -
FOR WEAVING,
TILLING THE FIELDS.

I
UNDERSTAND.

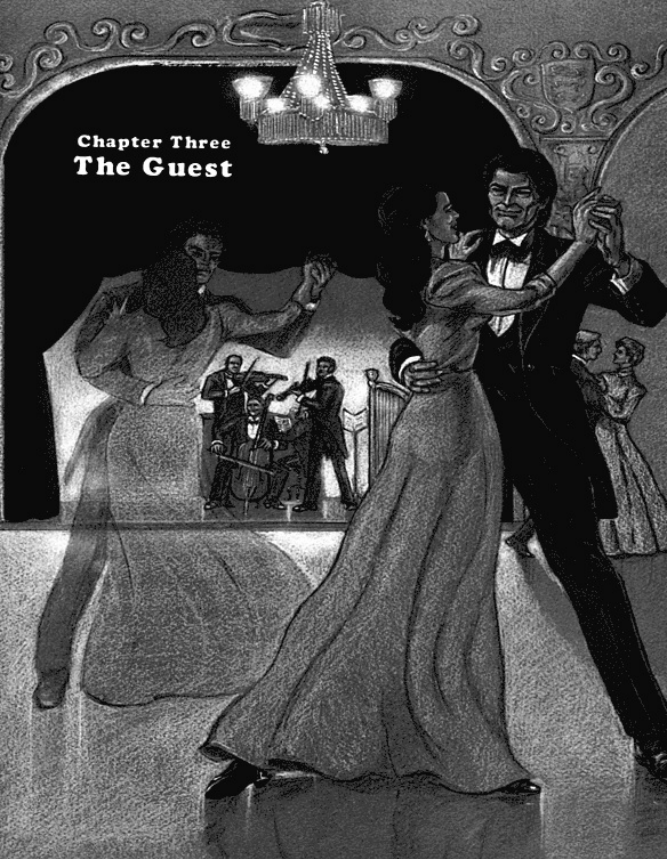


IT WAS THE IDEA
OF THE MACHINE
THAT CAUGHT THE
MIND.





Chapter Three
The Guest



REVOLUTION!

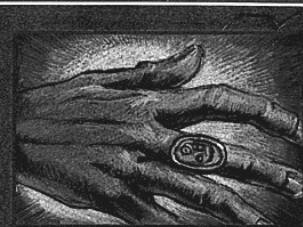


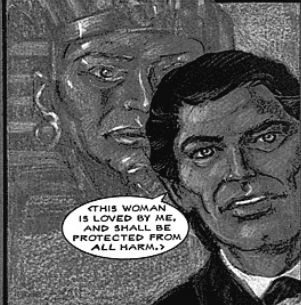
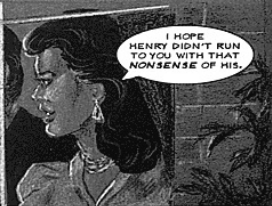






JULIE ...
I ONLY WANTED
TO SEE THAT YOU
..WERE WELL...







I'VE —
NEVER HEARD
IT SPOKEN ...



Y-YOU'RE AN
EGYPTOLOGIST?
DO YOU BELIEVE
A CURSE KILLED
MY FRIEND, LAWRENCE?



CURSES ARE
WORDS TO
DRIVE AWAY THE
IGNORANT AND
MEDDLESOME.



IT REQUIRES
POISON TO
TO TAKE A
HUMAN LIFE
UNNATURALLY.

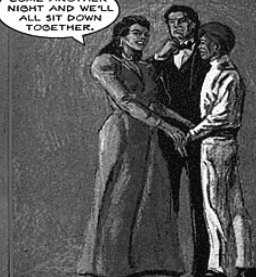
POISON?!?



SAMIR,
IT'S VERY LATE ...

WE MUSN'T THINK
OF ALL THIS NOW,
OR I'LL GIVE WAY
TO TEARS.

COME ANOTHER
NIGHT AND WE'LL
ALL SIT DOWN
TOGETHER.







YOU DON'T
MEAN TO TRUST
HIM WITH YOUR
SECRET?!

HE
ALREADY KNOWS THE
TRUTH.



YOUR COUSIN HENRY
WILL TELL OTHERS.
THEY WILL COME
TO BELIEVE.

THEY CANNOT
PROVE IT. THIS
IS THE AGE OF
SCIENCE —



"MIRACLES
AREN'T BELIEVED —
EVEN BY THOSE TO
WHOM THEY HAPPEN.



BUT SURELY
YOU NEED TO
SLEEP NOW, KAMSES.

WERE I TO SHOUT
IT FROM THE ROOF-
TOPS, NO ONE
WOULD BELIEVE.



YOU NEED
NO SLEEP
WHATSOEVER?

NO,
MY DARLING DEAR.
I DO NOT SLEEP.



THAT IS ...
CORRECT.





FROM THE
VISCOUNT.
MISS.

WHAT?

ALL THESE
BOUQUETS.



OH,
FROM ALEX.



I DON'T
KNOW WHAT
HE'S GOING
TO THINK
ABOUT ALL
THIS.

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT I THINK.



YOU MUSN'T
TELL A SOUL,
RITA.



BUT HOW DID
HE HIDE IN
THAT BOX?

AND WHY DIDN'T
HE SMOTHER UNDER
ALL THAT WRAPPING?



MIRACLES AREN'T BELIEVED —
EVEN TO THOSE TO WHOM
THEY HAPPEN.

MY FATHER KNEW
OF THE PLAN. HE
APPROVED IT.

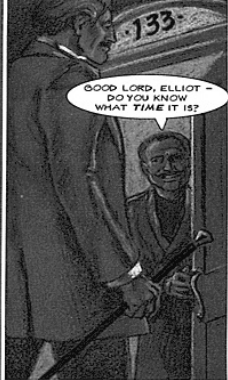
THE MAN HAS AN
IMPORTANT PURPOSE
HERE. ONLY A FEW
PEOPLE IN THE
GOVERNMENT KNOW
ABOUT IT.



YOU MUSTN'T
BREATHE A
WORD.

V-VERY WELL,
MISS. I DIDN'T
KNOW IT WAS
LIKE THAT.





GOOD LORD, ELLIOT -
DO YOU KNOW
WHAT TIME IT IS?



WELL, YOU'VE COME
AT A GOOD TIME
TO ANSWER AN
IMPORTANT QUESTION.

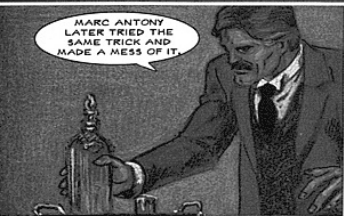


WHAT DID THE
ANCIENT ROMANS
DO WHEN THEY WERE
DISHONOURRED?

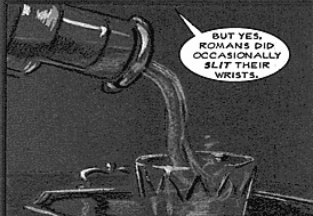
THEY SLIT THEIR
WRISTS AND BLED
GRACEFULLY TO
DEATH.



IF MEMORY
SERVES,
BRUTUS
FELL ON HIS
SWORD.



MARC ANTONY
LATER TRIED THE
SAME TRICK AND
MADE A MESS OF IT.



BUT YES,
ROMANS DID
OCCASIONALLY
SLIT THEIR
WRISTS.



NO AMOUNT
OF MONEY IS WORTH
A MAN'S LIFE.

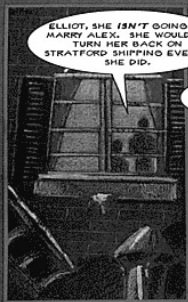


OH?
WHAT ABOUT THE
AMOUNT I NEED TO
PREVENT JULIE FROM
KNOWING OF MY PERFDY?



IF YOU TAKE YOUR
LIFE, SHE'LL FIND
OUT EVERYTHING.

I SHALL NOT
BE HERE TO
ANSWER HER
QUESTIONS.



ELLIOT, SHE *ISN'T* GOING TO
MARRY ALEX. SHE WOULDN'T
TURN HER BACK ON
STRATFORD SHIPPING EVEN IF
SHE DID.



THERE'S NOTHING
STANDING BETWEEN
ME AND DISASTER.



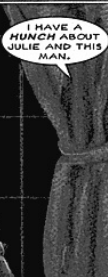
OH YES, THERE IS.
YOUR NIECE HAS A
NEW DISTRACTION.

THIS REGINALD RAMSEY
MAY SWEEP JULIE AWAY
FROM BUSINESS AS WELL
AS FROM MY SON.



I SAW THAT FELLOW
WHEN HENRY MADE
THAT ASININE SCENE.

YOU DON'T MEAN —



I HAVE A
HUNCH ABOUT
JULIE AND THIS
MAN.





YOU SOUND DOWNRIGHT
CHEERFUL ABOUT IT!



IT'S
UNIMPORTANT.

SINCE
WHEN?



SINCE I BEGAN TO
THINK ABOUT WHAT
OUR LIVES CONSIST
OF. OLD AGE AND
DEATH AWAIT US ALL.

AND WE CANNOT FACE
THAT SIMPLE TRUTH, SO
WE LOOK FOR ENDLESS
DISTRACTIONS.

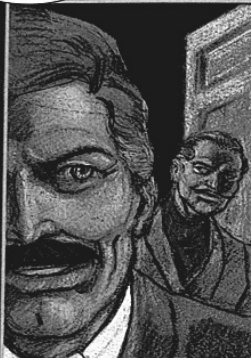
I WISH I COULD
SHARE YOUR GRAND
PERSPECTIVE, ELLIOT.



AT ANY RATE,
JULIE MAY WANT
SOME TIME ALONE—
AND YOU MIGHT
FIND EVERYTHING
IN YOUR HANDS —
AGAIN.

NOW, I'M GOING HOME,
RANDOLPH.

DON'T
SLIT YOUR WRISTS.







WHAT SERVICE
CAN I RENDER?



I WANT TO COME
IN, HONEST ONE.



-AND OF MY
CHILDREN.



I WOULD LIKE
TO SEE THE
RELICS OF MY
ANCESTORS -



GLADLY, SIRE.
LET ME BE YOUR
GUIDE. IT IS A
GREAT PRIVILEGE.



IN EGYPT ARE THE
REAL TREASURES.
SIRE.

EGYPT.
SUDDENLY I CANNOT
SEE THE PRESENT FOR
THE PAST.



I CAN'T EMBRACE
THIS AGE UNTIL
I HAVE SAID MY
FAREWELLS TO
THOSE YEARS.



... LEAD
ME OUT,
MY FRIEND -



-I DO NOT LIKE
THE CONCEPT OF
A MUSEUM.



SIRE, IF YOU DESIRE
TO GO TO EGYPT,
DO IT NOW ... AND
TAKE JULIE WITH YOU.



THE AUTHORITIES WANT
TO RECLAIM THE MUMMY
OF RAMSES.

THERE IS MUCH TALK
AND SUSPICION.



THE ACCURSED
HENRY STRATFORD!!
HE POISONED HIS
UNCLE, HIS OWN
FLESH AND BLOOD!!



AND HE STOLE
A GOLDEN COIN
AS THE MAN LAY
DYING.

Y-YOU TRIED TO
TELL ME THIS EARLIER.



I SAW IT.
JUST AS I SAW
YOU COME TO YOUR
FRIEND, LAWRENCE,
AND WEEP.



THIS CANNOT
GO UNAVENGED!
WHAT WILL YOU DO?

KILL HIM,
OF COURSE.



YOU WAIT FOR THE
OPPORTUNITY?

FOR
PERMISSION.
JULIE STRATFORD
IS UNUSED TO
BLOODSHED.



I UNDERSTAND HER
REASONING, BUT I
GROW IMPATIENT -
AND ANGRY.



WHAT OF ME?
I KNOW OF YOUR
SECRET NOW.

WILL YOU KILL ME
TO PROTECT IT?



I DO NOT
ASK KINDNESSES
OF THOSE I
MEAN TO HARM.



TAKE MY
ADVICE, SIRE,
AND LEAVE.



I WILL GET
THE PAPERS
YOU NEED
TO TRAVEL.

AND YOU?
WILL YOU
TRAVEL WITH
US?

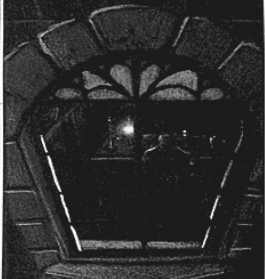


YES, SIRE, IF
THAT'S WHAT
YOU WISH.

I WILL GLADLY
GO WITH YOU.

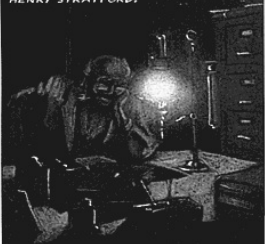
INSPECTOR TRENT PONDER:

I CAN'T STOP THINKING OF ALL THE ASPECTS OF THIS STRANGE CASE ...



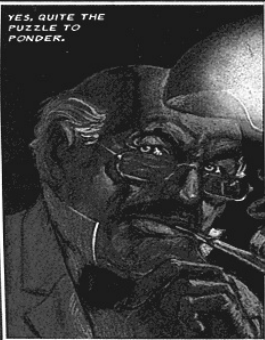
WHICH NOW ENCOMPASSES THE MURDER OF TOMMY SHARPLES.

THERE'D BEEN AN ADDRESS BOOK IN SHARPLES' POCKET WHICH CONTAINED THE NAME AND ADDRESSES OF HENRY STRATFORD.

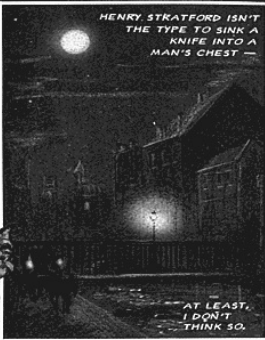


THE SAME HENRY STRATFORD WHO'D RUN OUT OF HIS COUSIN'S HOUSE ... CRYING THAT A MUMMY HAD CLIMBED FROM ITS COFFIN.

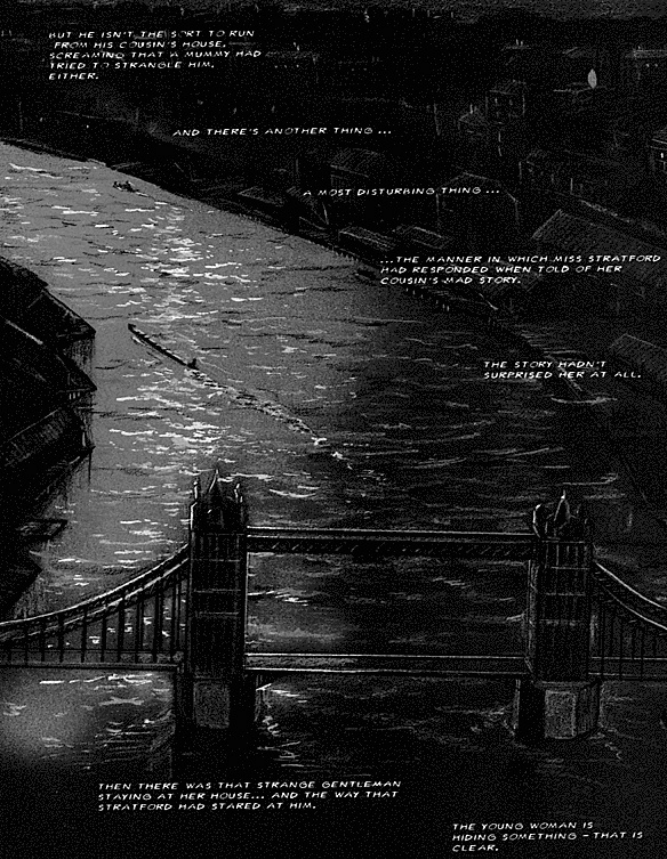
YES, QUITE THE PUZZLE TO PONDER.



HENRY STRATFORD ISN'T THE TYPE TO SINK A KNIFE INTO A MAN'S CHEST —



AT LEAST, I DON'T THINK SO.



BUT HE ISN'T THE SORT TO RUN
FROM HIS COUSIN'S HOUSE.
SCREAMING THAT A MUMMY HAD
TRIED TO STRANGLE HIM,
EITHER.

AND THERE'S ANOTHER THING ...

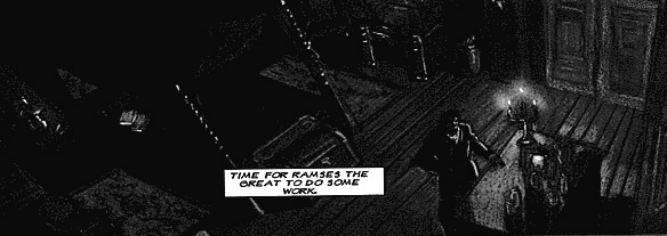
A MOST DISTURBING THING ...

...THE MANNER IN WHICH MISS STRATFORD
HAD RESPONDED WHEN TOLD OF HER
COUSIN'S MAD STORY.

THE STORY HADN'T
SURPRISED HER AT ALL.

THEN THERE WAS THAT STRANGE GENTLEMAN
STAYING AT HER HOUSE... AND THE WAY THAT
STRATFORD HAD STARED AT HIM.

THE YOUNG WOMAN IS
HIDING SOMETHING - THAT IS
CLEAR.



TIME FOR RAMSES THE GREAT TO DO SOME WORK.



OH...

IF ONLY HENRY STRATFORD HAD DIPPED HIS SPOON INTO THIS INSTEAD OF THE OTHER!



HIS UNCLE, A ROARING LION, MIGHT HAVE TORN OFF HIS HEAD!

THOUGH THE POISONS HERE MIGHT HAVE FRIGHTENED THE PEOPLE OF MY TIME-



-THEY WOULD BE NO DETERRANT TO THE SCIENTISTS OF THIS AGE.

I MUST CARRY THE ELIXIR ON MY PERSON.



THERE IS ALWAYS THE CHANCE THAT THIS
BATCH HAS LOST ITS POTENCY.



BUT IT DID
NOT DO
THAT.





ONE POWERFUL DRAUGHT
HAD RENDERED ME
FOREVER IMMORTAL.

WHY SHOULD THE SUBSTANCE
ITSELF, ONCE CREATED, BE
ANY LESS IMMORTAL THAN I?



I AM RAMSES THE
WANDERER AGAIN...



SPARE A
SIXPENCE, SIR?



WANT TO HAVE
A GOOD TIME, SIR?

...RAMSES THE DAMNED
ONLY PASSING THROUGH
THIS TIME.



NOT NOW, MY
FAIR ONE.



THE ELIXIR STILL
HAS ITS POTENCY.



AND THE SCIENCE OF THIS
TIME IS NO MORE READY
FOR IT THAN THE SCIENCE
OF ANY OTHER.



HONK



THEY'RE ...
IMMORTAL?!

IT IS THE SUN
THAT KEEPS
THEM STRONG -



"TAKE IT AWAY
AND THEY SLEEP ...
BUT THEY DO NOT
DIE."



WHERE IS
THE ELIXIR?

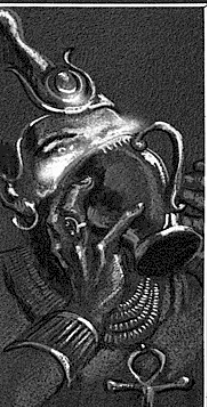
YOU THINK IT IS A
GREAT THING, MY
KING?

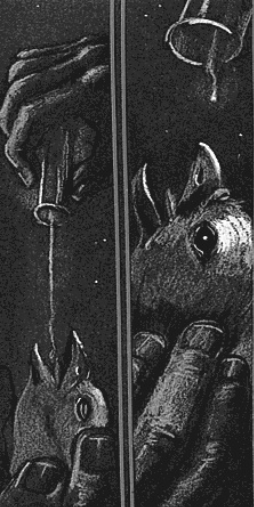
WHAT IF THE WORLD
WERE FILLED WITH
THOSE WHO COULD
NOT DIE?



THIS CAVE HARBOURS
A HORRID SECRET.

THE SECRET OF THE
END OF THE WORLD
ITSELF!!





YOU CAN BRING
MARC ANTONY
BACK!
GIVE THE ELIXIR
TO BOTH OF US!



IMMORTAL NOW ...



... TO FLY FOREVER.